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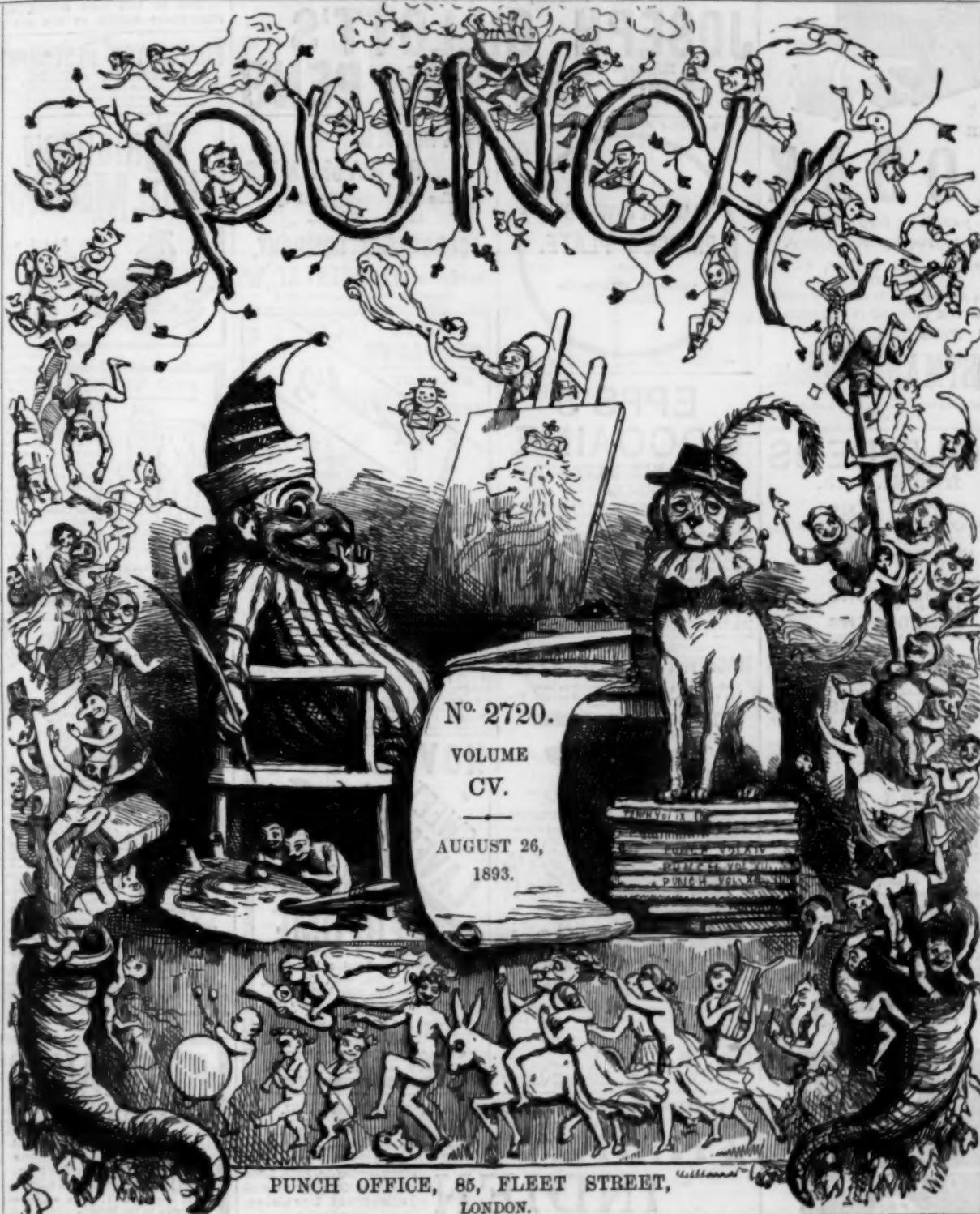
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THE ADVENTURES OF PICKLOCK HOLES.

(By CUNNING TOIL.)

No. III.—LADY HILDA'S MYSTERY.

A DAY or two after the stirring events which I have related as taking place at Blobley-in-the-Marsh, and of which, it will be remembered, I was myself an astonished spectator, I happened to be travelling, partly for business, partly for pleasure, through one of the most precipitous of the inaccessible mountain-ranges of Bokhara. It is unnecessary for me to state in detail the reasons that had induced me once more to go so far a-field. One of the primary elements in a physician's success in his career is, that he should be able to guard, under a veil of impenetrable silence, the secrets confided to his care. It cannot, therefore, be expected of me that I should reveal why his Eminence the Cardinal DAGAPO, one of the most illustrious of the Princes of the Church, desired that I should set off to Bokhara. When the memoirs of the present time come to be published, it is possible that no chapter of them will give rise to bitterer discussion than that which narrates the interview of the redoubtable Cardinal with the humble author of this story. Enough, however, of this, at present. On some future occasion much more will have to be said about it. I cannot endure to be for ever the scape-goat of the great, and, if the Cardinal persists in his refusal to do me justice, I shall have, in the last resort, to tell the whole truth about one of the strangest affairs that ever furnished gossip for all the most brilliant and aristocratic tea-tables of the Metropolis.

I was walking along the narrow mountain path that leads from Balkh to Samarcand. In my right hand I held my trusty kirghiz, which I had sharpened only that very morning. My head was shaded from the blazing sun by a broad native mullah, presented to me by the Khan of BOKHARA, with whom I had spent the previous day in his Highness's magnificent marble and alabaster palace. As I walked I could not but be sensible of a curiously strained and tense feeling in the air—the sort of atmosphere that seems to be, to me at least, the invariable concomitant of country-house guessing-games. I was at a loss to account for this most curious phenomenon, when, looking up suddenly, I saw on the top of an elevated crag in front of me the solitary and impassive figure of PICKLOCK HOLES, who was at that moment engaged on one of his most brilliant feats of induction. He evinced no surprise whatever at seeing me. A cold smile lingered for a moment on his firm and secretive lips, and he laid the tips of his fingers together in his favourite attitude of deep consideration.

"How are you, my dear Porson?" he began. "What? not well? Dear me, dear me, what can it mean? And yet I don't think it can have been the fifth glass of sherbet which you took with the fourteenth wife of the KHAN. No, I don't think it can have been that."

"Holes, you extraordinary creature," I broke in; "what on earth made you think that I drank five glasses of sherbet with the KHAN's fourteenth wife?"

"Nothing simpler, my dear fellow. Just before I saw you a native Bokharan goose ran past this rock, making, as it passed, a strange hissing noise, exactly like the noise made by sherbet when immersed in water. Five minutes elapsed, and then you appeared. I watched you carefully. Your lips moved, as lips move only when they pronounce the word fourteen. You then smiled and scratched your face, from which I immediately concluded you were thinking of a wife or wives. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, I do, perfectly," I answered, overjoyed to be able to say so without deviating from the truth; for in following his reasoning I did not admit its accuracy. As to that I said nothing, for I had drunk sherbet with no one, and consequently had not taken five glasses with the fourteenth wife of the KHAN. Still, it was a glorious piece of guess-work on the part of my matchless friend, and I expressed my admiration for his powers in no measured terms.

"Perhaps," said Holes, after a pause, "you are wondering

why I am here. I will tell you. You know Lady HILDA CARDAMUMS?"

"What, the third and loveliest daughter of the Marquis of SASSAFRAS?"

"The same. Two days ago she left her boudoir at Sassafras Court, saying that she would return in a quarter of an hour. A quarter of an hour elapsed, the Lady HILDA was still absent. The whole household was plunged in grief, and every kind of surmise was indulged in to account for the lovely girl's disappearance. Under these circumstances the Marquis sent for me, and that," said Holes, "is why I am here."

"But," I ventured to remark, "do you really expect to find Lady HILDA here in Bokhara, on these inhospitable precipices, where even the wandering Baotrian finds his footing insecure? Surely it cannot be that you have tracked the Lady HILDA hither?"

"Tuah," said Holes, smiling in spite of himself at my vehemence.

"Why should she not be here? Listen. She was not at Sassafras Court. Therefore, she must have been outside Sassafras Court. Now in Bokhara is outside Sassafras Court, or, to put it algebraically,

in Bokhara = outside Sassafras Court.

Substitute 'in Bokhara' for 'outside Sassafras Court,' and you get this result—

'She must have been in Bokhara.'

Do you see any flaw in my reasoning?"

For a moment I was unable to answer. The boldness and originality of this master-mind had as usual taken my breath away. Holes observed my emotion with sympathy.

"Come, come, my dear fellow!" he said; "try not to be too much overcome. Of course, I know it is not everybody who could track the mazes of a mystery so promptly; but, after all, by this time you of all people in the world ought to have grown accustomed to my ways. However, we must not linger here any longer. It is time for us to restore Lady HILDA to her parents."

As Holes uttered these words a remarkable thing happened. Round the corner of the crag on which we were standing came a little native Bokharan telegraph boy. He approached Holes, salamed deferentially, and handed him a telegram. Holes opened it, and read it without moving a muscle, and then handed it to me. This is what I read:—

"To Holes, Bokhara.

"HILDA returned five minutes after you left. Her watch had stopped. Deeply grateful to you for all your trouble. SASSAFRAS."

There was a moment's silence, broken by Holes.

"No," he said, "we must not blame the Lady HILDA for being at Sassafras Court and not in Bokhara. After all, she is young and necessarily thoughtless."

"Still, Holes," I retorted, with some natural indignation, "I cannot understand how, after your convincing induction, a girl of any delicacy of feeling can have remained away from Bokhara."

"I knew she would do so," said my friend, calmly.

"Holes, you are more wonderful than ever," was all that I could murmur. So that is the true story of Lady HILDA CARDAMUMS' return to her family.

DANGER!

In our London streets, for native or stranger,
We ought to have notice-boards warning of "Danger!"
Like those on the Thames near the weirs and locks.
When Premiers collide, and when Princes get shocks,
In cabs or in carriages, King Street way driving,
'Tis time that street warnings the wise were contriving.
For now it is clear that you might as well try
To steer a balloon through a thundery sky,
Or take a stroll near the setting of sun
In a suburb where cads upon bicycles run;
Or command—or serve in—an ironclad fleet,
As—take a drive down St. James's Street!

THE LITTLE OLD (PARLIAMENTARY) WOMAN, HER (NEWCASTLE PROGRAMME) SHOE,
AND HER IMPORTUNATE CHILDREN.

(*An old Nursery Rhyme Re-adapted.*)



THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN HER SHOE,
SHE HAD SO MANY CHILDREN SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO ;
SO SHE GAVE THEM SOME BROTH WITHOUT ANY BREAD,
THEN "WHIPPED" THEM ALL UP, AND—SENT THEM TO BED !

"Inspired, as it may be presumed, by the more or less remote prospect of the termination of the Home-Rule debate, the political creditors of the Government are viewing with one another in urging their respective claims to priority of payment."—*Morning Post*.
"Their bills are the promises of the Newcastle Programme."—*Times*.]

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

MY ANGELINA once enjoyed
The mild lawn-tennis all the day,
And did not scorn to be employed
In croquet's unexciting fray ;
O truly happy seasons, when
I think of you, I wish you back,
For ANGELINA had not then
Become a golfing maniac !
But now of none of those she thinks,
All such pursuits she reckons "slow,"

And spends the days upon the links,
Where nevermore I mean to go :
For I recall the heartless snubs,
Which those enchanting lips let
fall,
When I demolished several clubs,
And lost my temper, and the ball.
To-day the fickle maid prefers
With young MACDUFF to pass her
time,
Because his "putting," she avers—
Whatever that be—"is sublime;"

And when I get a chance to state
The deep affection felt by me,
She interrupts me to relate
How well she did that hole in three !
I love my ANGELINA still,
Yet he who chose her as a wife
Would be expected to fulfil
A caddie's duties all his life ;
So, if I turn away instead,
You will not hold me much to blame ?
How can I woo her ? She is wed
Already—to this awful game !



EXPERTO CREDE.

Corporal M' Taggart, of the Nairn and Elgin Highlanders (to Photographer). "HECH MON, YE'LL NEVER HIT US THAT GAIT,—YE'RE NO ALLOWIN' FOR WINDAGE!"

CROQUET.

O FEEBLEST game, how strange if you should
To favour, vice tennis superseded! [rise
And yet beneath such glowing summer skies,

When wildest energy is invalidated,

Mere hitting balls through little hoops
Seems work enough. One merely stoops,
And lounges round, no other toil is needed.

Upon a breezy lawn beneath the shade
Of rustling trees that hide the sky so sunny,
I'll play, no steady game as would be played
By solemn, earnest folks as though for
money—

For love is better. Simply stoop,

And hit the ball. It's through the hoop!
My partner smiles; she seems to think it
funny.

My pretty partner, whose bright, laughing eyes
Gaze at me while I aim another blow: lo,
I've missed because I looked at her! With
I murmur an apologetic solo. [sighs

The proudest athlete here might stoop,

To hit a ball just through a hoop,
And say the game—with her—beats golf
and polo.

TRUMPS FOR TRAMPS.

(From the Story of a Much-considered Nothing.)

THE Tramp was distinctly one of the Unemployed. He had no money, no friends, no home. He had obtained some work a short while since. The labour, of course, had been unskilled, and then there had come a strike, and the Tramp and his mates had turned out

with the rest. The Tramp was a little annoyed, as he had been fairly satisfied to earn bread and butter and meat, and above all, and before all, beer. But the leaders of the strike had

wages belonging to the higher scale. This seemed to the Tramp pleasant enough. But while he waited, he starved; so he was not sure that the notion of the strike was so excellent after all. But then his brain might have been clearer—it had not been fed (in common with the rest of his body) for several days.

So the Tramp—worn, ragged, and tanned—wandered to the spot where Labour was holding her Congress. The last meeting had been held, and the final squabble settled when he reached his destination. There were a couple of well-fed, healthy-looking men, dressed in good strong broad-cloth, standing outside the meeting-place. They regarded the Tramp with some surprise.

"Surely not a Member?" said the first.

"And of course not a Delegate?" hinted the second.

The tramp shook his head. He knew nothing about Members and Delegates.

"I thought not," said Number One. "All our Members and Delegates are quite of respectable appearance."

"Got nothing to do," replied the Tramp, laconically.

"Why don't you try the Colonies?" asked Number Two. "There has been an immense fall in the value of land in Australia. You would get it cheap just now. Why not emigrate? Why not acquire some land?"

"I don't want land, I want food!" returned the Tramp.

"Well, when we have a vacancy, you shall become one of us. We eat, drink, and talk; but we don't work. It's the best employment out." And the Tramp found it so.



satisfied him that it was entirely for his benefit. That as the Tramp could not work up to their standard, it was their duty to work down to his—and yet get paid at the same rate of

'ARRIET ON LABOUR.

DEAR POLL.—These are poopy times, and don't you make no horror. They gives me twists, though I am called the Tottenham Court Road Terror.

Along of quantities of pluck, and being such a dasher; But now the papers bring has news as spiles yer mornin' rasher.

"Labour is looking up, you bet!" So sez SAM JONES, our neighbour. "I'm glad to 'ear it, SAM," sez I. SAM gives his greasy curl a twist, and looks seven ways for Sunday.

Bit bosky, SAM, thick in the clear, as usual on Saint Monday.

"Labour!" I sez, "Oh, shoo fly, SAM! You 'orney-landed codgers—

Your palm's as soft as putty, SAM—are regular Artful Dodgers. Yer Labour, with a capital L, looks mighty fine in print, SAM. But work with a small w—ah! I see yer takes the 'int, SAM."

That shut him up, the lollipop! He know'd I'd took his measure,

And squeleching 'umbleys always do give me pertikler pleasure. JONES sorter set 'is cap at me; I earn good money I do; But love as follows L.S.D.'s all fol-der-riddle-dido!

"Bashing a knobstick's ripping fun, no doubt—for them as bashes;

But this here new petroleum game won't work." Here JONES's lashes—They're stubby, ginger, sly-fox ones—got kinder tangle-twinkle.

I ad my eye on 'im, the worm, while working out my winkle.

(I'd got a pennorth in a bag; they're things to which I'm partial.)

"We must bust up Mernopoly," sez SAM, a-looking martial.

"The 'Oly Cause o' Labour can't be stayed by trifles, 'ARRIET! JUDAS must 'ang, 'twere weakness to show mercy to ISCHIOT!"

"Bit o' yer platform gag," sez I.

"You keep it for the club, SAM. 'Twon't comfort me, nor your old mother toiling at the tub, SAM. The 'Oly Cause o' Labour, SAM's, a splendid thing to spout about, But it's a thing as skulkers makes the most tremenjus rout about."

I'm only just a work-girl, POLL, one of the larky drudges

As swarm across the bridge at night and 'omeward gaily drudges,

A tootling "*Ta-ra-boom-de-ay*," a chaffing of the fellers,

And flourishing their feathered 'ats bright reds, and blues and yellers.

As vulgar as they make 'em, POLL. Leastways the chape whose trade is

To write and dror in Comics, call has "anythink but ladies." Ladies? O lor! On thirteen bob a week, less sundry tanners For fines, it's none so easy, POLL, to keep up style and manners.

But work-girls work, and that is more than SAM and 'is sort—drat 'em!

When I see shirks platforming, POLL, I'm longing to get at 'em. When Women's Rights include the charnce of gettin' a fair 'earing For Women's Wrongs—wy then there'll be less bashing and less beering.

As for the Vote—well, I dunno. It seems pertikler curious That politics makes a man a haas, they drives the fellers furious.

If Votes sets women by the ears, as they does men, my winky! I guess 'twill make domestic life even more crabbed and kinky.

Wy my young man—you know 'im, POLL—whose temper's real milky,

Whose 'art is soft as 'is morstache—and that is simply silky—

Got that rouged up on polling day, along of a young Tory

As called him names. I ad to 'ug 'im off to stop the gory.

The chap was in the 'attng line, and thought BALFOUR a 'ero;

Whereas my Mick 'as Hirish blood, and calls 'im "Niminy Nero."

I don't a bit know what they meant, but if them votes should send *hus*

As fairly off our chumps as men, the shine will be tremendous!

We shall've a fair beano then!

Well, I'm not nuts on voting.

Your 'ARRIET's lay is—better pay! That's not wot they're promoting.

Them spouting Labour Candidates. Of women's work they're jealous;

They light the fire to warm *hus*? Bah! they're only good at bellows!

Their Eight 'Ours Day, and such-like rot, gives me the 'ump, dear POLL—

Wouldn't some women like it, though? Well, 'oping for it's folly,

Like longing for a seal-skin sweet, or a Marquise for a lover.

Man's work may be too long sometimes, a woman's never over.

Leastways, a married woman's, POLL. Mick's 'et on me to "settle,"

But eighteen bob a week—his screw—ain't much to bile the kettle;

And I ain't 'ad my fling, not yet. Mick's regular smart and sparky,

But—when a woman's fairly sploiod, it's U. P. with the larky.

And oh my, POLL, I do love larks! Thesytters, 'ops, and houtings

Warm a girl's 'art a rare sight more than politics and spoutings.

Mick says he 'as his eye upon a "flat," neat and commojus.

Mick's a good sort, but tied for life to toil—at eighteen? Ojua!

'Ard Labour, and for life, without the hoption! That's a sentence

As 'ot as 'ARRY 'ORKINS's, and no place for repentance.

Ah, POLL, my girl, a woman's work is Labour, and no skulking.

It must go on though yer old man's out of a job or sulking.

Mothers can't strike, or unionise, or make demonstertions.

The bloke 'as got the bulge on them. Now girls in situations, Like you and me, POLL, 'as a chance of larky nights and jolly days, Along of arter bizness 'ours, and, now and then, the 'olidays.

But 'twixt the cradle and the tub, the old man and 'er needle, A married woman's tied up tight. Yea, Mick may spoon and wheedle,

But when a woman's got four kids, bad 'ealth, and toke for tiffin, Then marriage is a failure, POLL, I give yer the straight griffin.

The goodies slate us shop-girls sharp, say married life or service Are more respectabler. Oh lor! Just look at poor JANE JARVIS!

She were a dasher, JENNY were, 'er fringe and feathers took it, And now—'er only 'ope's that BILL may tire of 'er and 'ook it.

You know that purple ostrich plume she were so proud of, POLL! I bought it on 'er for five bob larst week, and it looks jolly



In my new 'at. But as she sat a snivellin' o'er that dollar,
Thinks I if this is married life 'ARRIET's not game for collar.
She looked so suety and sad, and all them golden tresses
She was so proud of when it ran to smart new 'ats and dresses,
Was all tight knotted round 'er knob like oakum on a mop, POLL.
Her bright blue eyes in mourning, and—well, there, I couldn't stop,
POLL.

Labour? Well yus, the best of hus must work; yer earn't git
quit of it;
And you and me, POLL, like the rest, must do our little bit of it.
But oh, I loves my *freedom*, POLL, my evenings off is 'eaven;
But wives and slaves ain't allowed even one day in seven.

Jigger the men! SAM spouts and shouts about the "Oneest Worker.
That always means a Man, of course—he's a smart Man, the
shirker!
But when a Man lives upon his wife, and skulks around his
Who is the "Oneest Worker" then?—Yours truly,

'ARRIET 'IGGINS.

FROM CRAVE TO CAY; OR, THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

DASH BLANK was a genius. He had been an immense success at school, and had done admirably at the University. He then came up to town and tried many things. He was a poet, a musician, an artist, an inventor. And everyone he knew, said it was absolutely wonderful, and that he should make a fortune. But just at the moment he had a fair income, which had been left to him by his deceased relative, and there was no occasion to augment his means. On the contrary, if anything, his accomplishments were rather a loss to him than a gain. So the situation existed for a time.

Then came a crash in the City, and poor DASH BLANK found himself penniless. It was then he tried to turn his talents to account, but found that their market value was *nil*, or even less.

But, fortunately, he was "such a genius," and to persons of that class often come what may be termed happy thoughts.

DASH BLANK disappeared—completely, absolutely. His absence remained unnoticed for some time, and then, of a sudden, his death got into the papers. It was copied from one journal to another, until the intelligence was conveyed from one end of the Empire to the other. Then some one made the discovery that DASH BLANK had not been appreciated. Immediately all his brilliant failures were unearthed, and advertised into popularity. His poems on republication realised hundreds, and his pictures thousands; his wonderful invention was patented, turned into a Company of Limited Liability, and quickly made a fortune. DASH BLANK was a name to conjure with—it was typical of success.

At length a statue was erected to his memory, and the unveiling became an important function. All sorts of smart people were present, and the finest things imaginable were said about his career. When it was all over, the Sculptor was left alone with what had been recently termed his "masterpiece."

"No," said he; "it is not a bit like poor DASH. I never could get his expression."

"It's not bad," observed a man in a cloak, who had come up while he was murmuring, and who now stood beside him; "not at all bad, considering he never gave you a sitting."

"That's true enough," replied the Sculptor; "but how did you know it?"

"Because I happen to be DASH BLANK himself!" and then the man in the cloak threw off that covering, and revealed his identity.

After this came an explanation. The genius noticing that when a clever man dies there is always a run upon his works, died himself. At any rate that was the impression in the minds of everyone save a friendly executor, who collected the money for his estate. Then the friendly executor paid the proceeds to the imaginary deceased.

"And shall you resume work?" asked the Sculptor, after he had recovered from his astonishment.

"Not I. You need be under no alarm that anyone will compare your portrait with the original. I have had enough of work, and

with my recently accumulated capital, shall try my hand at speculation. Good bye, if you are in my neighbourhood, look me up. You will find me anywhere between the Arctic and Antarctic Zones."¹² And then he went over to America, put his money into wooden nutmegs, and promptly became a millionaire.

THE "ONE-HORSE" HOUSEHOLDER.

(*A Solemn Social Ditty.*)

In a region where freshly-built suburbs lie ending
'Mid plots of the glut market-gardener's ground,—
Its bare, tenantless frontages gloomily blending
With grime and neglect that are rampant all round,
Runs the street, so forlorn it could not be forlornier,
Where, looking straight down a "no thoroughfare" road,
With the blaze of a new public-house at the corner,
The sad "One-horse" Householder finds his abode!

"Tis a wilderness wild of dread dilapidations,
Where one feeble gas-light illumines the street,

While right over the way
fourteen kitchen foundations

Of houses unfinished the
aching eye greet!
How he first chanced to find
it his friends often wonder.
No omnibus runs within
miles of his door,—
Nor a train, be it either
above-ground or under,
Wakes life with its thrice
welcome whistle and roar.

If you call at that house,
you'll be knocking and
ringing,

Till, with forcible language,
you're leaving the place,
When a slavey, who comes
up the hall gaily singing,
Flings open the door, with
a smut on her face.

You ask "if they're in,"
and she looks you all
over,—

It's clear she's quite new
to an afternoon call,—
P'raps takes you for *Turpin*,
Bill Sikes, the *Red Rover*;

But she says that she'll
"see," and leaves you in
the hall.

You are ushered upstairs, which a Dutch carpet graces,
To a drawing-room, curtained at threepence a yard,
Where Japanese gimbucks appear in odd places,
Though *Aspinwall* clearly has proved their trump card;

For here it envelopes a plain kitchen-table,
There a weak wicker lounge which invites not repose;
And at length you are seated, as well as you're able,
On a folding arm-chair that half threatens to close.

But they offer you tea, made with unboiling water,

A syrupy Souchong at twopence a pound,
Which a simpering, woebegone, elderly daughter,
With stale bread rancid buttered, is handing around.
And you think you'll be off: as your talk halts and flounders,

For you feel most distinctly, *they're not in your line*,

And you say to yourself, "Yes, these *JOHNSONS* are bounders,"

But before you can go, *you have promised to dine*!

That same dinner will take you some seasons forgetting!

The claret was sour, the "tinned" oysters, Blue Point;

And moreover 'tis really a little upsetting.

For the cook to come up very drunk with the joint!

And when to crown thin you are asked to expel her,

And find a Policeman,—that is, if you could.

It may soothe you to hear yourself called "a good feller,"

But can you admit that the dinner was good?

And so when you meet *JOHNSON* going up to the City,

It somehow to-day does not strike you as odd,

That with feelings of scorn not unmixed with pity,

You hurry on fast with a stiff little nod.

Be his craze "speculation," "a crush," "a small dinner,"

A christening, marriage, a death or a birth,—

There's a limpness of purpose that shows, though no sinner,

Why the dim "One-horse" Householder cumbers the earth?





A LIVELY PROSPECT.

Jones (who has come, for the first time, to spend a week at Priggleby's). "SMITH, OF BALLIOL, WAS HERE; WASN'T HE, MRS. PRIGGLEBY?"
Mrs. Priggleby. "YES; FOR A WEEK. HE'S JUST LEFT. HE WAS QUITE NICE. BUT I ASSURE YOU I DON'T FEEL A BIT THE WISER OR THE BETTER FOR ANY SINGLE THING HE SAID THE WHOLE TIME!"

[Jones wishes himself anywhere else.]

MAKING THEM USEFUL.

SEE in the papers that school-children at Whissendine and elsewhere are taught gardening. Excellent idea, this. Small Holdings for Small Boys! Decide to try it at my "Select Academy for the Sons of Gentlemen," as kitchen garden certainly does want attending to, and I can't afford a gardener. Tell the boys about it. They want to know if the hour a day which I purpose to devote to Agriculture is to take the place of *Bradley's Latin Exercises*. On hearing that it is, boys seem relieved, and SMITH JUNIOR pronounces the scheme a "jolly lark." I confess I am pleased to find this appreciation of my new arrangement on the part of the most troublesome urchin in the school.

Next Day.—All the boys are now provided with separate plots, spades, rakes, and hoes. Youth, in fact, is at the Plough, and Myself at the Helm, so we ought to get on all right. I purchase for them some young cabbage-plants and cucumber-seeds, which will go down as "extras" in the bills at the end of Term. Boys very active first day. SMITH JUNIOR breaks his spade, and gets fifty lines. JONES astonishes me by talking about "Three Acres and a Cow." Find that his father is a strong Radical. Must be careful what I say to JONES. The general opinion seems to be that Gardening is better than *Bradley's Exercises* "by long chalks." Encouraging.

Week Later.—In order to gain my prize for best cabbages, boys have been stimulating their growth with a guano made of chopped

bones, slate-pencil dust, and ink! Surprisingly fine specimens in young DODGER's allotment. Too good to be true. Go out to inspect, take up one of his cabbages, and find it has no roots. DODGER admits that he bought them from village greengrocer. I remark humorously to boys—"This is DODGER's plot!" Boys cheer me, and, being indignant at DODGER's cheating, make him—so I hear afterwards—"run the gauntlet" in the dormitory the same evening. Hope it will do the little sneak good. SMITH JUNIOR tries to do circus trick on garden roller. Nearly killed. Two hundred lines, and a page of *Bradley's Exercises*. Hear him saying that "he wishes OLD SWATS (that's me) would do his gardening himself, and see how he likes it!" No, thanks.

End of the Experiment.—Kitchen garden a wreck! There has been a battle royal between FLASHBOYTES and SMITH JUNIORTES. FLASHBOT stole all the spades, and entrenched himself in an earthwork, which the other side stormed. SMITH JUNIOR bleeding but triumphant. Says "gardening is much better far than *Bradley's Exercises*." Cucumbers (bought as missiles) and potatoes lying all about. Several have got through school-room windows! Letters arrive from parents. Thought they would like the new agricultural departure as teaching their boys something really useful. But they don't. Quite indignant. Say their sons are "not intended for market-gardeners." SMITH JUNIOR's parent says his boy is "meant for the Church." Didn't know this before. SMITH JUNIOR will be an ornament of the Church Militant at any rate. Drop the gardening, and go back to *Bradley*.

"THE USUAL CHANNEL."

To what snug refuge do I fly
When glass is low, and billows high.
And goodness knows what fate is nigh?—
My Cabin!

Who soothes me when in sickness' grip,
Brings a consolatory "nip,"
And earns my blessing, and his tip?—
The Steward!

When persons blessed with fancy rich
Declare "she" does not roll, or pitch,
What say—"The case is hardly sick"?—
My Senses!

What makes me long for *real Free Trade*,
When no Donaniers could invade,
Nor keys, when wanted, be mislaid?—
My Luggage!

What force myself, perhaps another,
To think (such thoughts we try to smother)
"The donkey-engine is our brother"?—
Our Feelings!

And what, besides a wobbling funnel,
Screw-throb, oil-smell, unstable gunwale,
Converts me to a Channel Tunnel?—
My Crossing!

COOKED AT HEREFORD.

The strongest always rule the roast.
Yes! we believe it fully;
So what's the natural result,
When Cooke's opposed by PULLEY?
Vain contest—vain the gallant fight!
The winner's safely booked,
And forty-four good witnesses
Affirm the poulet's cooked.



THE POOR VICTIM!

JOHN. "HM! GOOD; MIGHT BE BETTER!"

JONATHAN. "HM! BAD; MIGHT BE WORSE!"

THE SEAL. "THREE MONTHS' CLOSE-TIME! HM! MIGHT HA' MADE IT TWELVE!"

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ONLY FANCY!

ONLY fancy if the Earth were flat—
As most of those who live upon it are—
And you went too near the edge of it, and
toppled from the ledge of it,
And landed on a distant star !

Only fancy, if you fell upon your feet,
And recovered pretty quickly from the jar,

And you understood the lingo
which the people speak and sing,
oh,

Who dwell upon a distant star !

Only fancy, only fancy, what a lot of things there are

Very likely to be met with on a distant star.

A goodish many things would prove
Not exactly quite the same as here, I guess ;
P'raps the ladies *all* are pretty, and the men all smart and witty.

And marriage an unqualified success.

P'raps, like WASHINGTON, they cannot tell a lie.

And gossip is excluded from their talk ;
P'raps with them a thing of course is that beef isn't made of horses,

And the milkmen haven't even heard of chalk !

Only fancy, &c.

Perhaps they've no occasion for police,
Though they may keep just a few to spoon the cooks ;

If they do, no doubt they're wary whom they make Home Secretary,
And the Chief Commissioner's chosen for his looks.

Very likely, if they ever play a farce,
It contains a pretty moral for the young,
And perhaps their panorama has a mission, and their drama.

To the tune of the Old Hundredth's "said or sung."

Only fancy, &c.

Very likely they have guns that will not burst.

And machinery that won't get out of gear ;
P'raps they've even ammunition in respectable condition,

And vessels that are guaranteed to steer.
And it's possible they have Vestrries who refrain

[meet ; From swearing at each other when they And, though *this* isn't probable, they may have Boards "unjobable,"

And Contractors who will neither bribe nor cheat.

Only fancy, &c.

A Parliament perhaps they may require,
But its Members very likely don't obstruct,
And each Government proposition just delights the Opposition.

And anyone who makes a noise is "chucked."

Very possibly they do not care for speech,
But if indeed they've got a Grand Old Man In whom the fancy lingers, why, he talks upon his fingers,

And they answer on the self-same plan !

Only fancy, &c.

Mrs. R. says there is such a scare now about typhoid that she always takes a tin of dis-connecting fluid about with her. She also says, a bottle of automatic vinegar is very refreshing in church.

MY GARDENERESS.

[“Lady CARLISLE is training an entire staff of women gardeners, who, she hopes, will keep the grounds of her Yorkshire home in as perfect a condition as their male predecessors have done.” — *Full Mail Gazette.*]

COME into the garden, MAUD,
Why has not the grass been mown ?
Come into the garden, MAUD,
Those seeds have never been sown ;
I fear you've been taking your walks abroad—
You blush like a rose full-blown.

When the early snail first moves,
Before the sun is on high,
Beginning to gnaw the leaves he loves
On the beds, you should always try
To pick him off with your garden gloves,
And stamp on him—he must die.

You can't touch snails ? Let that pass,
I will smash each one in his shell ;
But when it rains you can roll the grass,
When dry can water it well.
You say you can't wet your boots—alas !—
Nor work when it's warm, ma belle ?

And yet your wages you claim ;
I should like to know what you do.
In truth I can't bear to blame
Such a sweet pretty girl as you ;
So stop as my gardener all the same—
I'll be master and workman too.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Rough work should never be done
By delicate hands as white as pearls,
You only began for fun ;
So sit, with your parasol over your curls,
Whilst I dig like mad in the sun

WHO IS IT?

A Political Enigma. Compounded from the Press of the Period.

He's hopeless of heaven, he's too bad for (So say Unionist bards, and they ought to know well,) He is JUDAS-cum-CAIN with a coupon of OATES, An imperious despot, who grovels for votes ; A mean truckling tyrant, an autocrat slave ; A knave who plays King, and a King who plays Knave. A haughty Commander, the tool of his troops, A swayer of “items,” nose-led by his dupes ; A dog-despot, wagged by the tip of his tail, A Conspirator potent, whose plot's bound to fail ; The land's greatest danger, because such a dolt ; As ruler a scourge, because breeding revolt ; As political guide ever banefully strong, Because the majority sees he is wrong. A prolix Polonius who proves his senility By taking the shine out of youth and ability ; A veteran lagging superfluous, whose age Puts him “out of it” so, that he fills the whole stage ; So old that his age gives him every claim, Save to decent respect, which, of course, is a shame, And absurd “fetish-worship.” As Lucifer proud And imperious, yet supple of knee to the crowd ; A Coriolanus who plays the JACK CADE ; A coward of nothing and no one afraid ; A blundering batsman whom none can bowl out ; A craven who staggers opponents most stout ; A traitor who gives his whole life to the State, Whose zeal proves his spite, and his service his hate. A trickler to treason and trickster for place, Whose stubbornness oft throws him out of the race ; A lover of power and public applause, Who dares to oppose the most popular cause. A talkative sophist who will not explain ; A bad-tempered man, ever bland and urbane : A casuist no one can half understand, But whose sinister purpose is plain as your hand ; A vituperative and venomous foe, Whose speeches with calm magnanimity glow. In short, an old dolt, who inflicts dire defeat On the smartest young foes he can manage to meet ; A powerless provoker of dreadful disasters, A master of slaves whose mere slaves are his masters ; A voluble sphinx, and a simple chimera. The Age's conundrum, the *cru*x of his era !

Mem. :

If you can't give a guess at the theme of these rhymes, Why, peruse all the papers, and move with the times !

IMPROVED COSTUME FOR THE METROPOLITAN POLICE DURING THE GREAT HEAT OF 1893.



AUSTRALIA THE (WITHOUT) GOLDEN.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—I see that, with a view to economy, the Victorian Legislature have cut down the salary of their future Governors to a reasonable sum. Every one will applaud an act inspired by so worthy a motive. Still, as the officials who have been thus deprived of some of their emoluments have a certain state to keep up, I think it would be only fair were that state also to undergo revision. With a view to assisting in so desirable a programme, I jot down a few suggestions.

Uniform.—Future Governors not to be required to wear gold lace. Yellow braid to be sparingly used in decorating their frock-coats. Dirks to be substituted for swords. Cocked-hats no longer to be trimmed with feathers.

Official Entertainments.—Governors no longer to be required to ask Colonials to dinner. Luncheons with chops and steaks and boiled potatoes to be substituted for extensive menus. Balls to be given only occasionally, and guests to be served with the lightest of light refreshments (sandwiches and lemonade); and if dancing be required, dancers to supply their own orchestras.

Attending State Functions.—Governors no longer to be expected to appear in carriage and pair. Their Excellencies to be entitled to use trams, omnibuses, and bicycles. When laying a foundation-stone, the Governors to be permitted to wear double-soled boots, and carry umbrellas.

Miscellaneous.—To avoid expense, salutes will be dispensed with as much as possible. When guns are fired, tubes to be used without cartridges. Flags not to be flown in wet weather, and Chairs of State always to be covered with brown holland. Gaslights to be sparingly lighted, and wax-candles abolished.

There, my dear Sir, this should be a relief both to the goose and the gander. It is quite right to economise, but it is a little strange to find that we get our first hint in this direction from the Antipodes.

Yours truly, GAY WITHOUT PAY.



A SLIGHT CONFUSION OF IDEAS.

Local Hatter. "I 'OPE YOU 'LL EXCUSE MY CALLING, SIR GEORGE; BUT I 'ARD AS HER LADYSHIP WAS GOING TO GIVE A PLAY IN THE GROUNDS—*A PASTORAL PLAY*, THEY TOLD ME—SO I MADE SO BOLD AS JUST TO COME ROUND AND SAY AS I 'D GOT A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF CLERICAL 'ATS, AND THAT I SHOULD BE MOST 'APPY TO PUT 'EM AT HER LADYSHIP'S DISPOSAL!"

Puppet Number Two. Truth is nothing if not respectable.

Puppet Number One. Remember, respectability is an affectation, of cynics, dramatic authors—and other people of no importance generally.

Mrs. R. observes, "it is only too true that Summer pleasures, as the poet says, are nearly always effervescent."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 14.—Quite shocked to see ASHER to-day. Strong constitution and a happy disposition united to make him a picture of buoyant health. Observing him walk up floor of House just now, hardly knew him. Shoulders bowed; arms hanging limp; cheeks sallow; an unspeakable sorrow in his dimmed eyes.

"What's the matter, Mr. SOLICITOR?" I asked, instinctively falling into the whispering tone proper in sick rooms. "Is it the state of Scotch business that weighs upon your mind? or is it true, as whispered, that necessity has been discovered for bringing in Bill amending the Borough Police and Health Act, 1892, with its 435 clauses?"

"No," said ASHER; "I'm thinking of neither. My thoughts tend in quite another direction. My heart is at Deeside, my heart is not here. I have a moor there; you understand me—not a person of dark complexion, who, after much conversation, disposes of his wife with the assistance of a pillow. But a stretch of moorland, gorse-scented, grouse-haunted. I awoke early on Saturday morning

hearing the popping of the guns in far-off Aboyne. Mere fancy, of course. You remember CHARLES LAMB's story about supping with some Scotchmen, and incidentally observing he only wished, to make the joy complete, that BURNS were there? One by one the Scotchmen got up and explained to him that BURNS had been dead for ever so many years, and that it was practically impossible, in view of the circumstances, that he could have been present; even, one of them added, supposing they knew BURNS, and it had occurred to them to invite him. So you will say that Deeside, being hundreds of miles away, I could not hear the birds on the wing, or the pottering of the guns. In a sense, that is true; but I heard them all the same; worse still, heard them when I was in church yesterday, and should have been hearing something else. I wouldn't mind missing a day, a week, or, in the service of my QUEEN and country, a fortnight. What I see, and what gars me greet, is the endless vista of nights and days we shall spend here. If we get any shooting at all we shall begin with the pheasants.

O my BARTLEY, shallow-pated! O my TOMMY, such a bore!

O, my dear beloved moorland, shall I see thee evermore?"

ASHER's case representative of many; only his despair is the more eloquent.

Business done.—Marking time in Home-Rule debate.

STILL WILDER IDEAS.

(*Possibilities for the next O'Wilde Play.*)

Puppet Number One. Let's come into the garden, MAUDIE. I adore the garden. Don't you know that the book of at least one good play begins with some epigrams in the garden, and ends with—

Puppet Number Two. Recitations—strictly puritanical. Well, let's go into the garden: there's nothing but Nature to look at there, so we will discuss—

Puppet Number One. The picture shows. It seems to me there are two principles in modern art. The first is—give a picture a good name, and they'll hang it.

Puppet Number Two. What's—ahem!—what is in a name?

Puppet Number One. Usually a good deal more than is in the picture.

Puppet Number Two. And the second principle?

Puppet Number One. Art is short, and the life (of the average Academician) is long.

Puppet Number Two. Ah, well. I suppose I shall have to ask you sooner or later to define Art.

Puppet Number One. Certainly. Art is that which invariably goes one better than Nature.

Puppet Number Two (with a sigh). And what is Nature?

Puppet Number One. Nature is that which is not so natural as it is painted.

Puppet Number Two (with a groan). What about truth in Art then?

Puppet Number One. Ah! Truth is that one infirmity of a noble mind.

Puppet Number Two. Truth is nothing if not respectable.

Puppet Number One. Remember, respectability is an affectation, of cynics, dramatic authors—and other people of no importance generally.

[*Exeunt severally. Curtain.*]



FATHER THAMES PURIFIED AND GLORIFIED, AS PROMISED BY L. C. C.

Tuesday.—Just before eight bells, when all hands were piped below, Admiral FIELD turned up in favourite character as the honest British sailor. Rather modelled on transpontine style; a little unnecessarily noisy; too humorously aggressive; hopelessly obvious. But in present circumstances House grateful for anything; gleefully laughed whilst the Admiral shivered his timbers,



LIKA JOKO

Admiral Field as the honest British Sailor.

talked about losing his soundings in a fog, declared against all shams, referred to himself as "honest and modest sailor who believed in straightforward action, and refused to have his eyes blinded by abstract proposals."

That last phrase didn't sound seafaring, but, as another honest sailor was accustomed to say, its bearings lay in the application of it. Motion before House was to eliminate Second Chamber from Home-Rule scheme; brought forward by Radicals; situation difficult for Opposition. If they voted against the Government they would be declaring against principle of House of Lords. If they voted with them they would be approving a proposition of the hated Bill. JOSEPH judiciously got out of difficulty by declining to vote at all. PRINCE ARTHUR elaborately explained that in going into Lobby with the Radicals he was voting against a concrete proposal and in favour of an abstract principle. This too subtle for COURTEY, who announced his intention of voting with Government who happened to agree with him in approving principle of Second Chamber. It was amid these cross blades that the Admiral, hitching up his trousers, danced a hornpipe. TOMLINSON attempting to bring House back to more serious views, Members with one accord rushed into Lobby, and Government came out with majority of 83.

Business done.—Seventh night in Report Stage Home-Rule Bill.

Thursday.—“Whew!” said the Member for SARK. “I don’t know what will become of us if things go on much longer like this. With a PREMIER over eighty, and the thermometer over 90, the situation is at least unusual. Even JOSEPH not able to maintain his favourite attitude, grafted on the iced cucumber. Just now Mr. G. made a passing remark, quite mild compared with JOKY’s own sly hits. J. C. up on instant, with boding brow and angry plaint that Mr. G. had attempted to slay him with a sneer.”

“Yea,” said PLUNKET, “times are hot. I don’t know what we

should do without TOMMY BOWLES. The spectacle of his white ducks is to me as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. They talk about an army of men in the basement working machinery that keeps the temperature ten degrees below what it is marked on the Terrace. Also there is, it seems, a ton and a half of ice melting in ventilating chambers at the taxpayers’ expense for our comfort. But I don’t think ice is in it with TOMMY’s ducks. Even if they were stationary it would be something. But observe how, coming and going, TOMMY’s brain an argosy of great thoughts, the ducks seem to skim over our prosaic floor, calling up even to the unimaginative mind a vision of deep, tree-shaded, quietly-rippling Broad, over which the wild duck swiftly moves, waving white wings.”

Only PLUNKET, I fancy, could evolve poesy out of to-night’s scene; hot above precedent, dull beyond endurance.

“PLUNKET’s duck picture cool and refreshing. But,” said EDWARD OF ARMAGH, drawing on his military experiences, “what we’re doing just now may be much more accurately described as the goose step.”

Quite so. We sit all afternoon and far into the night, always talking, sometimes dividing; every appearance of motion, no advance; feet lifted with due sign of walking, but when midnight strikes and parade dismissed we are found posted exactly at the same spot as that on which we took our stand at half-past three in the afternoon.

If Mr. G. means business the sooner he gets about it the better. *Business done.*—None.

Friday.—Mr. G. does mean business. Commences on Monday, when Motion will be made to close Report Stage of Home-Rule Bill. Mere reference to it set House bubbling with excitement. Mr. G.’s proposed Resolution not yet drafted. “You know how it is,” he said, smiling blandly at PRINCE ARTHUR; “you’ve had a good deal of experience in drawing Resolutions of this nature.” But if Ministers not ready with their Resolution, JOSEPH prepared with Amendment. Read it out amid lively interruption.

Conversation later conducted with much vigour across the Gang-way, where, a fortnight ago, GUNTER received an Irish Member (not iced) full in pit of stomach. Once the Blameless BARTLEY signalled out Member for South Donegal, mentioning him by name as respon-



Swift MacNeill refuses to be named.

sible for particular exclamations. “Don’t presume to mention my name,” said MACNEILL, leaning across gangway.

“Look here, BARTLEY,” said TOMMY BOWLES, “if you’re going on that tack, you must come and sit at this side. When I saw MACNEILL open his mouth to speak, I confess I thought I was going to be swallowed whole. You sit here; there’s more of you.”

Business done.—Notice given that business is about to commence.

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THE LANCET, July 1, 1893.

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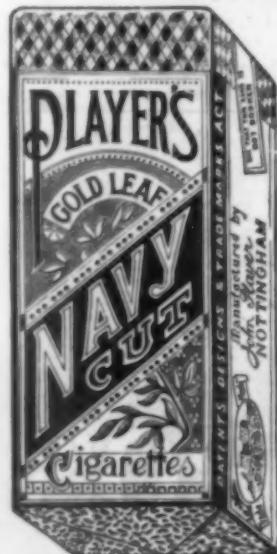
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